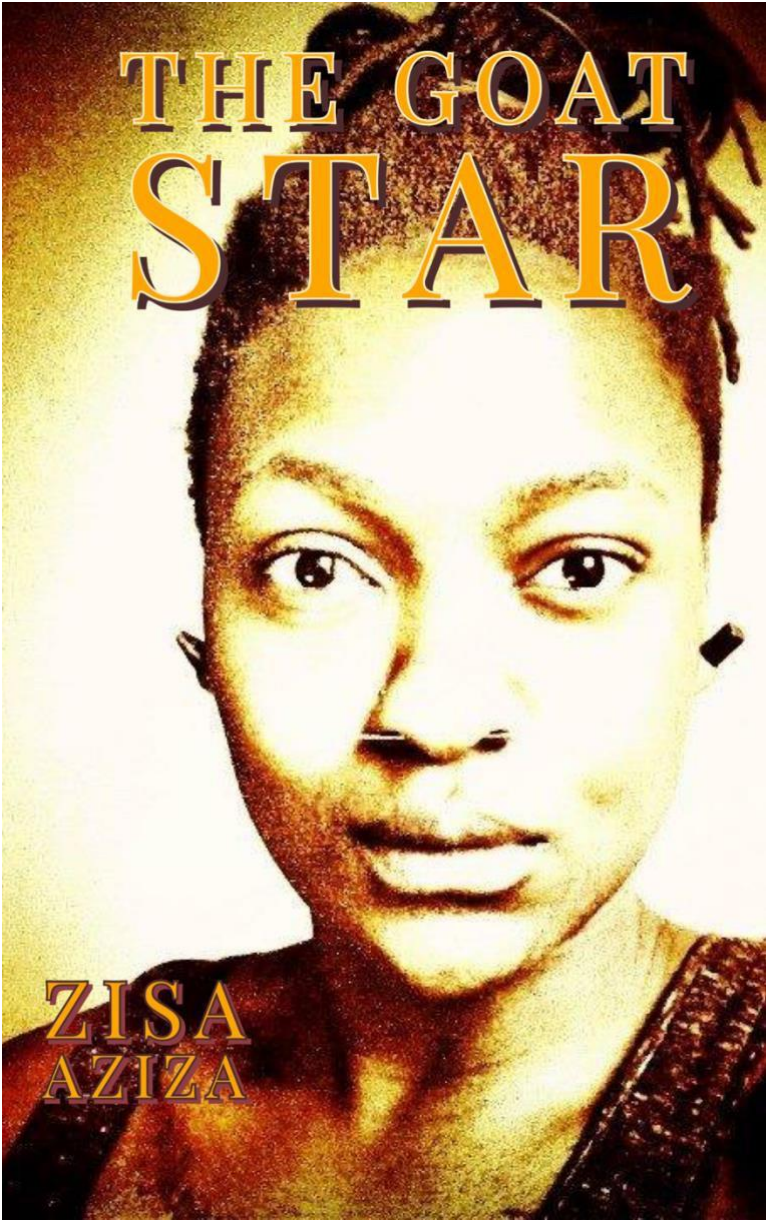
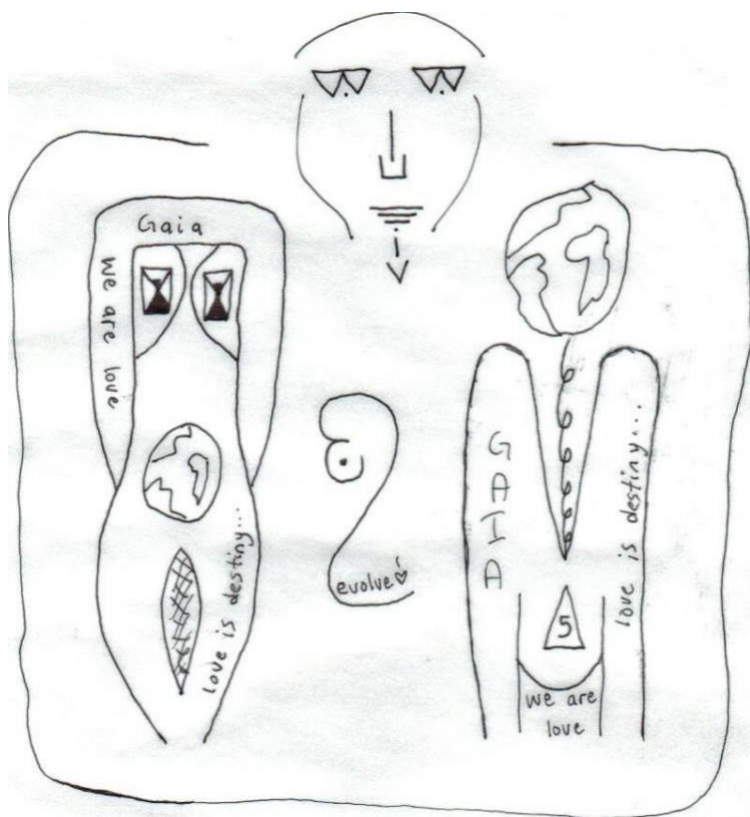


THE GOAT STAR



ZISA
AZIZA

The Goat Star



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unseen.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the submergence
of one's truth only births havoc within the self.*

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

**NegressOfSaturn.com
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Godchildren

We happen across
one another

The rising stars
of our virgin mother

**“Barter soul for status, a notable apparatus;
inquisition the construct, after your heart is plucked.”**

Pledging Serfdom

Be it sociocultural, religiopolitical, or psychospiritual
Your soul is the target of war

Your country is an indivisible corporation
Who manufactures your personhood

From the signing of your birth certificate,
Your legal identity is a strawman:
A stunt double for the stint of your citizenship

The cult of nationalism incapacitates
the liberty of our humanity
Our ignorant consent is the wine of cyanide

The Spectacle

A stealth poker face is out of sight

Fate written upon the pages of Solar Light
Is impervious to the blooded ink of evil,
 however dark the night

Despite the hubris, it's mere comedy for the neophyte

**“Spirit is a migrant worker of the physical plane;
seeking to attain wisdom for the
eternal palace of one’s domain.”**

Estre a Merci, “To be at the Mercy of”

A bitch forgot his place in the animal kingdom
With his plastic tiara, and time machine
He lodged himself in the era of ephemera

Twilight

Sink the ship,
Let coins rip

Their end,
Our beginning

X and O,
We gon' glow

**“The function of the soul
is to invoke nobility.”**

Sting Operation

Once all the children are asleep
The creeping rat will come to reap

Mother is a fly on the wall
A cat with a fire ball

Those tucked into the womb
Won't crack under the broom

Red Herring

The square root of a cube is a tribe
Division of knowledge overpowers the scribe

The confluence of negative and positive is translucent
Our descent was our intent to circumvent

Double Jeopardy

Seven Churches to tithe
With a tenth of a brain

Wheel of fortune
But taxes rein

Four elements to master
With a levy on sovereignty

The lottery ticket
Is a death sentence

Power Down

If our soul is a battery,
Its recharge has been flattery

As an emanation of life,
We are riddled with much rife

Why should love lend us light,
If we have no wish to reunite

Sleep Talk

If Jesus was the Piscean fish
The Age of Aquarius is the 11th hour

Revolution is rebirth

The Divine Androgyne
Is the Sacred Marriage within self

Costumes are for Halloween;
Christmas is a feast for the serene

Love or Lust?

Your Cosmic Consort
Is the gift of ascension

**“As individuated aspects of consciousness,
our subscription to godlessness desecrates
the autonomy of our sentience.”**

Magna Carter Libertatum

Clarity and verity,
Hearsay is heresy

A bad seeded juror
Is a rotted root securer

Mistrial is a sophisticated denial
As I recall, time will redial

Omit the jury of one's peers
For a disciple of the hemispheres

Reconvene at a quarter to eight
Failure to appear, binds your fate

Within fifteen minutes of fame,
We have denied your counterclaim

Neither court has been charmed
But we are both alarmed

**“Know better, do better: the wicked stay clever;
tow the lever, thine own self you sever.”**

Paper or Plastic

The rescue assignment became a suicide mission
A physician of our team decided to switch their position

This remorseless traitor, “fallen angel,” declared war
Against the cosmos from whence it bore

A sagacious warrior surrenders to captivity
Because cages improve productivity

The shadow agent professed dual loyalty
King of himself, and the heir to royalty

This master of flesh has no seat at our throne
Time was our mercy, for those who chose not to atone

Our sleeper cells have been wide awake
Waiting and watching the reprobate overtake

The dubious pretend to be wonderstruck
But you’re a salacious fuck

Neutrality only serves the self within the holograph
What becomes of those who are unclaimed on Heaven’s behalf?

Sham Portal

A soul without its heart is for naught
I forgive thee for what was begot

Love is fatal for the enslaved mortal
In spirit, I wedded life before death

The annulment of our contract,
releases you of my breath

**“The created cannot crucify its creator;
he who speaks otherwise, is a fabricator.”**

Placebo

Temptation is a critique,
Turn the other cheek

In the wilderness of purgatory,
Predation is the initiatory

**“They who feed of vomit,
beseech the bile of comet.”**

Woolen

We of sackcloth,
Unbridled doth

Mistress of Light
Mother of Night

Coupled by truth
As one, we sleuth

The Sewer Within

Upon the Ark, the plague of Atlantis rode
The hint of carnage bode

Ham, did you fuck your mother?
To usurp Noah, your father?

Are we the kins of an incestuous bloodline?
Our curse is that of the Divine Serpentine

Mother did not kill her seed
Nor did she consecrate the deed

We were granted the Will
Of our divinity to fulfill

The Fool of Glee

have you no eye
to see the crowning of a king

one who can fly,
without a single wing

amidst a dalliance with the expanse,
a mastery for ingenuity is romance

**“I’d rather fondle the realms of impossibility,
than be infatuated with fatalism.”**

Resolute

On the return to source,
Our wilted memories, we divorce

The burden of sentiment, we wrestle;
For only faith can traverse the trestle

**“Folk gon’ knock on your door,
don’t let triviality become a chore.”**

Circumspect

how many parts vinegar and honey,
do I stir in dialect, to remedy the unfunny

when life becomes a waking dream,
the distortions emit a hollow scream

**“Heart fractures and crutches, keep you cripple;
in the breakage, embrace the ripple.”**

Its Grace

the sun's compassion is
a degraded fashion

we clothe our bodies with deceit
and contradict our own defeat

**“The wounds of the soul cannot be medicated;
unhealed trauma will not be de-escalated.”**

Blossom

I eat shade, and shit rainbows

A heart that sows seeds knows
That from pain, one grows;
Wherefrom, love overflows

**“Our planet is being colonized by corporations,
who answer to neither man, nor nations; if you
are without heart palpitations, you are
experiencing psychotic hallucinations.”**

Homology

Speaking with my father about his premeditated bribery to have
me murdered as a fetus, reminds me of the conversations I
have with white women about the intricacies of white
patriarchy embedded in globalization, and the inevitable
matricide of our planet.

Divergent kinship occurs within the psyche of those
who have been disclaimed all their lives.

My father attributed his neglect towards my life to supposed
poverty; and the white women have fumbled with their words,
but their eyes sparkle with indifference.

The human race leaves me aflutter.

I am the lovechild of the Moon and the Sun.
My mother—Earth—will not be shun.
Without her, we're as good as done.

“All the gold in the world, cannot transmute a heart of lead; if your spirit is impoverished, even the slightest bit of money will deform you.”

Because

Our collection of bones cannot floss the plaque of our
soul, Nor does the voting poll excuse the lives we stole

It is best to vacate the cafeteria, before the food runs out.
There are certain famines, from which there will never be
a turnabout

When you are no longer on the winning side
Will you care then, for the many who have died?

A sinking ship needs all hands-on board
We can all afford empathy, a subtle reward

**“When books clog your mind, your constipated throat
becomes malignant; if you do not yank your matted
truths from your gut, on your face,
you will wear your butt.”**

The Burnt Pot

I have spoken with a pitch that does not match my face
So I can be granted access to your white space

In the celebration of Multiculturalism and Democracy, I
accept your handshake, and you reject my fist bump—
is this hypocrisy?

Has my Blackness been dulled; have I been lulled?

My own self, I have abandoned for a flighty illusion.
White Liberalism is a delusion, advertising false inclusion

""Cultural Capital,' is a polite expression for spiritual poverty doused in white supremacy."

Borders

I'm in a stranger's house,
on my mother's land

My residence was bestowed
upon me, secondhand

**“The sound of silence,
can disinfect the noise of whispers.”**

Inflamed

Although you are a victim of intellectual incest,
I am begging you to remember the blood
that courses through you.

As a professor of International Law, you perpetuate intellectual crimes against humanity. You perform indoctrination in Columbia University's Ivory Tower classrooms, but are uncomfortable in the dining room of your Park Slope home because the descendant of the imperial conquests you legitimize can **speak**.

Did you not know that all mirrors are not made of glass?

Does my tongue flicker with abomination?

Do my burnt-orange baby hairs revolt against your presence?

Do you not smell the formaldehyde that is your arrogance?

In the pursuit of our collective freedom, I have disowned my daydreams about your whiteness being raped with loaded pistols by the child soldiers of Sudan. I have taken the live grenade out of your mouth, and convinced the child sex slaves of the Philippines to no longer bucket your cum, as we do the milk of cows.

Your inert proposal for Human Rights does not serve as a peace treaty. When the lands of Naija are soiled with petroleum; and the Yellow River of China does not request our industrial contamination, I find you in violation.

As a Doctor of Philosophy, how can YOU hold life in contempt?

Father Sun—Spirit—how am I to fracture
this density of consciousness?

You may cut off your ears, to ignore the fire alarm.

But why do you deny your nose the scent of smoke, your
eyes, their itchy tears, and your lungs' grasp for air? When
we have conquered the Planet, how will your whiteness
serve you?

**“Wealth without spirit,
is furniture with no home.”**

Too Near

the river rushes, I hear it from my bed
upon approach, the mercenaries will shoot my head

in bottles, water was sold
we pray for rain, when we are bold

**“As the benefactors of our capitalistic oppressor,
we are the transgressor of natural laws,
the crusade of matricide, defies every clause.”**

Rectify

We need to infuse the monotony of survival
With a spiritual revival

Remedy our desolation
With communal resuscitation

Commit our birth to jubilation;
We are a divine creation

***Emancipation**, is our destination*

“When you spend your token, you have spoken; as sentient beings, we cannot be the sponsors of destruction and overproduction.”

Collateral Coalition

We, the beholders of breath, dispossess the caress
of planetary death. The proposition of man to acquisition life as
a production for enslavement, requires our compliance.

Because Earth will not be shackled, defiance will be the
foundation of our alliance.

**“Escapism is a compulsion that must be tamed;
our desire for blame, renders us maimed.”**

Fortified

If death is the greatest threat,
I have nothing to fret

I have foreseen my mother's annihilation
because she was unprotected

Consider me a warrior who has resurrected

“The whole planet is on the chopping block; poverty and privilege are constructs that interlock. It is our collective fate that we mock, when we dispute the glory of the human flock.”

Heart Denomination

within your being
there is circulation

generosity ought to be
an act of veneration

**“The Nation-State has flatlined; our governing structure
is perpetually undermined.”**

The Gnostic Trickster

I cannot hope to be heard,
if I pinch my lips

An ecstatic word,
is not privy to sips

**“Most pronounced amongst us, are those for whom a
trampoline was not present to intervene; it is they,
who we jettison overboard to sustain
the waking coma we entrain.”**

Perturbation

As I awake in a shallow grave
The dirt, my teeth begin to shave

Upon me lies a tower of indifference
Seeking to be the demolition of deliverance

Our collective pursuit for Global Emancipation
Is the bridge of spiritual evacuation

Surrenderance

soot took over the sky

as we readied ourselves to die,
our mortality became a lie

Warrant

In order to arrive at a cure, we must accept our diagnosis
And refuse to appease our collective psychosis

Indeed, the severity is atrocious
But sedation is ferocious

The imposition of our resistance
Puts in jeopardy, our collective existence

Ornamental Advocacy

A white man says: "I recycle everything."
His robust arrogance, a painful sting

I have yet to find the bin

For: Transmutations of White Patriarchy,
Misandry and Misogyny,
Narcissism and Patriotism,
Predatory Voyeurism and Fetishism,
Hyper-Consumerism and Psychic Vampirism,
Amerikan Entitlement, Victimhood, and Rape Normalization

I suppose the filth within
Is scraping our chin

As I examine his grin,
the work has yet to begin

It is our psychocultural framework
That has driven our world berserk

**“When a feeble cockroach thinks of itself as an eagle,
it parades in fecal matter and proclaims that it is regal.”**

Eminent Domain

The conversion of doubt by the devout,
Fertilizes the soul for faith to sprout

The militarized disarmament of our right to self-preservation,
Is not the jurisdiction of man to prescribe regulation

Just as tombstones do not discriminate,
Fear is a notion, we must obliterate

**“Indignation is the product of putrefaction;
resembling a corpse, fixated upon masturbation.”**

Dear Anybody

When the necessity for unpolluted water and food is full-time,
and we know the personal is political, why is activism part-time?

As death creeps upon us, have we the right to act snobby
While tending to the quality of life as a casual hobby?

**“People are dry clay,
swearing they have no need for water.”**

Showtime

I am the unborn—screaming FIRE
How dare the living presume life for hire?

The wombman that is planet Earth, is not your escort;
Beings un-conceived are not yours to abort

Snake Oil Healer

If somebody pitch you a potion,
Observe their commotion, the self-promotion

Anyone who attempts to pacify the terrors of your slumber,
Your healing is what they encumber

**“We either rise together,
or die together.”**

Insurrect Your Will

If you must fight,
may it not be in the name
of religion, nation, or race

Our planet is facing extinction
Life cannot be evicted,
No matter how inflicted

Reprieve

We must resolve our inner conflicts,
Pardon ourselves for being the addicts

Of imperial theatrics, and dehumanization.
The Emancipation of our Earth requires our cooperation

You are not my enemy,
And even if you are—I need you

Divestment

truth is the dripping faucet,
as we craft boulders out of silence

worse, we dilute possibility
with our commitment to denial

**“The hour is late, and we are turned low;
expeditiously, we must grow—together though.”**

Tuition

You cannot name a color that you do not see,
Or speak of a matter for which you have no language,

Or treat a disease that you do not understand
A medicine woman with poetry is living contraband

Strategic Creativity

Because time and attention are our foremost currency
Intention, is the ammunition of our insurgency

Those who subscribe to the mandates of ecocide
Are the perpetrators of homicide and genocide

Unenforceable laws will be the site of our exploitation
We will respectfully dishonor the authority
of any Transnational Corporation

All income earned will circulate paradoxically
Either a vertical downstream, or horizontally

When life and freedom is copyrighted,
Theft and piracy is required

Defector

a vendor of plunder,
began to wonder

surrender to the splendor,
a protector of nectar

Butterfly Effect

when the prey,
can no longer pray

for the retreat
of its predator

Detractor of Liberalism

State and Federal disunity
Is an opportunity for our community

On my subwoofer, I'm crunking Global Preservation
Chopping the Trap Remix of a Privatized Reservation

Digital Citizen of the interweb, a Transnational Representative;
The Monopolization of labor and resources, is now tentative

Technological dependency bears a discrepancy with hegemony
Existentially, WWW.DOT.COM is our weaponry

Because our souls' intention is Emancipation,
The transformation of information into inspiration

Indicates, the initiation of White Supremacies' assassination

**“If women can birth life into an ungated cemetery,
love is an evolutionary paramilitary,
unwriting our planetary obituary.”**

Inheritance

the bloody hands are not my own
but to my arms, they are sewn

in the rinse, I spent a lake
but the bleeding will not forsake

Subversive Inquiry

There is one salesman, a dark magician
Stringing our desires like a musician

He's funny, he gives us money
Treats us like a dummy, and makes our world crummy

When you are living off of your baby mama,
Fewer Jordan Sneakers could decrease the drama

If you are in your last year of medical school,
Have you been trained to become a pharmaceutical tool?

As a black woman teaching English abroad,
Are you a cultural imperialist, is your complacency flawed?

In your capacity as a tenure-track professor,
Will you be an intellectual oppressor?

Does your love need to be paid in gifts,
Requiring you to work longer shifts?

If we are not ready to be free, can we agree
Not to behave, as a hardworking self-satisfied slave?

Side-Eye

Economics be acting like Papa Capitalism got a side-bitch he
about to hitch, when he kick rocks from this pussy's ditch.

So raping Queens is just the routine?
You thought this Queendom was your latrine

Word—I got the Sun on speed dial

I think you gon need some sunscreen
Gasoline don't go well with the obscene

Living Spree

Death haunted me,
But I did not know how to die

We even played footsie,
Until I decided to testify

Principles of an Emancipationist

Air, Water, and Food
Is the property of Earth's multitude

No persons of commerce have the right
To preclude life from the living

That which man did not create
He can neither destroy, nor recreate

When nations are no longer governed by just laws
The patriotism of our citizenship withdraws

Lines etched as borders upon land will disband

Planet Earth is our Motherland;
Her freedom, is our command

(Post-Essentialism) Pre-Global Emancipation

I have lived my fieldwork,
And uncovered deceptions that lurk

Poetry is my dissertation,
Ruminations for experimentation

Our world, a hermetic laboratory;
Life, the allegory

Ray

The sun rains on me,
I am dripping photons

Group Mind

An outlier of many forms
Amerika is my crib, but not home

White Patriarchy gave me a wardrobe,
Insisting that I throwaway my skin

Nor am I sold on Queer; I's androgyne
My complexion is not makeup

Planetary Facelift

From consumers to stewards,
And hustlers to gifters

Life's litter will become unbitter

**“Because we commodify knowledge, we ascribe its
possession currency in a world that is spiritually
bankrupt; and although our minds are foreclosed,
our heart is the squatter.”**

**“Revolution is allopathic;
Evolution is homeopathic.”**

Exempt Status

Revoked: Unaccountable Free Passes,
Uncloaks the disempowerment of the masses

If you are an occupant of planet Earth
The habitat of your birth, what would you say it is worth?

When you can transplant your being elsewhere
Your fate will no longer be tied to THIS planet's welfare

**“If man could extinguish the sun, he would;
just to say he won.”**

Hate Breeds Victory

Naija man coax pussy for Green Card
He leave him child, her soul bombard

Black woman don't even want African child
Mother mind wild, her own pickin' she reviled

Catholic preschool teacher, mail me fallen hair extension
Call me head mop, Staten Island gave me early hypertension

Homeless in high school, Asian girl ask me: say I no black,
what I be? I say Dominican; surprise—she think white for me

I get to Smith College, white lesbian call me “hot commodity”
Birdbrained Anthropology professor
no like me theory, she fail me!

After I graduate, I go live in commune and farm with white folk
The men, want poke me yolk, and the rest, full of smoke

Even in the shelter, Jamaican woman want cut me face
Everywhere I go, people try kill me grace

But I see, the sickness is we

I promise Mama, as long as I be
I try find cure, for all of we

Free Shipping

Why lead the flock
to the slaughter

When you can market
murder for order

Shuffling

martyred free will
birthright, roadkill

life on consignment
lamented consent

gnawed hangnail
skin, a jail

Engrossed

With running a marathon to the grave,
And dragging the world as our slave

We are dry humping our own caskets,
And tossing our severed limbs into seductive baskets

No Return

As the psyche of man broaches a bend
Within the landscape we chose not to defend

We debate and manipulate, but cannot abate
Or invalidate, our collective and
individual imperative to decelerate

New Age Perdition

Neoliberalism is the dictate of hedonism
From pedophilia to Satan Worship and Black Friday

Personal identity is a Black Visa Card for life's runway Buy the
finest lingerie, and have nowhere for your body to lay

When your home was being charred,
Propaganda pundits left you jarred

**“Glasses do not correct your sight,
if you have the thought frame of a parasite.”**

AttiTude

You pick your sentences like roses
In your speech, the politeness decomposes

The remnants of dignity unstolen
Leave you broken

OD on Allyship

Eerie, is the crooked brow of a white woman
Deconstructing your blackness like a churchwoman

Your failure as a parishioner of the reactive QPOC resistance
Has compromised her acceptance of your very BLACK existence

Out of Tea

At the dining table of the West
The placemats are the neatest

Although the food comes from the backyard
Where many hunger—this, we disregard

But even the dumpster-diving activist
An environmentalist, is a Pro-Israeli genocidist

This blonde queer male is not atypical
He believes the value of life is geopolitical

As we rummage the trash of New York City
His tag-along fuck buddy, announces:
he waxed his anus for \$650

A self-proclaimed hippie, wanting a good rim job When I
refused to be his cheerleader, he began to sob

Coming Home

Just because you flirt with life
Does not mean you are promised little strife

Like the village woman who receives an IMF loan,
She learns that the multifractal fissures of land are in her bone

Or the Negress who swallowed the gunpowder
of the Ivory Tower
Her head is blown, the grants were a prepayment
for her cobblestone

Both know that change is a static mutation
Liberation is a deviation of colonization

Together, they gather water and fire
Build pyramids, a soul purifier

When you wear the shackles of ruin
The only solution is evolution

When we translate freedom into matter,
Chains will splinter and splatter

De-Assimilation

Kumbayah has gone on recess
I have no one to impress

I cannot make peace with a culture
That hovers around my spirit like a vulture

I am soaking my white-washed mentality
Bare knuckles, scrubbing off my premature mortality

I've gone home, but my people were bereft
Cultural Imperialism is global theft

The more words you use, the less you say
Ebonics and Pidgin English is my copay

Within my skin, and upon my tongue
I will preserve legacy for the young

Topical Treatment

Our search for wealth is externalized;
Receiving degrees is ritualized, as we become minimized

But what is education, if you lack comprehension?
You waste language and praise misapprehension

Become the looters of memory,
The abductee of the intellectualized bourgeoisie

Before your white liberalist vacations are disrupted
You thought your blackness was entrusted

Because culture is a buffet, we eat flesh
Now that your amnesia has returned your Negrohood afresh

You verbally cast psychic porn, penetrating my tranquility
Exposing the impracticability of your Amerikan Dream,
and its fragility

All these years, and what has assimilation done for us?
We riot, picket, and discuss; but they still kill us

Allegiance

I, the unsaved, cannot save another
When I breathe the death of our mother

I stand in solidarity with my planet
Because the love of every socio-political clique
has an aftertaste of granite

For me, poetry is not an activity to paint sound with fantasy
It is a channel for alchemy, to transmute vanity into sanity

I am not inclined to take the gentrifying hipster to task
Because the nation-state is a colonial mask

But if we are to disrobe the narcissism of consumerism
And confront our own behaviorism as the enabler of capitalism

We may conserve time—and rewind
Become the creators of a paradigm
that is aligned with humankind

Forgive me, but I cannot lie
Without our mother, I, too, will die

No Longer Scouting

*Clearly, if you want to reach the summit,
you must trail the terrain or plummet.*

The only one I seek is she who is rising from within.

If I hear another poet speak of their curly ‘fro, or how their mothers shamed their hair, I will write a letter to Santa Claus and request two left titties, because the right one came with extra. These over-educated and highly awarded wordsmiths have become voyeuristic anthropologist of cultural poverty who subscribe to the literary accolades gained from pimping the agony of one’s own community.

Who thought it would be necessary for we, melanated folks, to trigger our own septic wounds to get off on fighting a struggle we yapper to death, like a car thief hot-wiring the ignition of his own impounded vehicle.

White Supremacy gets a bad rap until it has a multicultural presentation. At which time, the color of one’s soul is that of greed and pride. We all know that in a hierarchical structure, capitalism, we can’t ALL be at the peak, right? So, Class Equality is like asking McDonald’s to become an organic, vegan, sugar and gluten-free establishment—with no change in price.

In truth, we are internalizing economic scarcity that transcends the flesh.

The social engineering that has made us strangers of our own skin is a monograph we wear on our faces. But we are too busy celebrating our commiseration to heed our devolution. On the other hand, perhaps it is I whose appetite is out of resonance with the

madness we applaud. Therefore, I cannot trust language
because people play camouflage between verb and adjective;
this, I will not forgive. I swear—I could walk out of my body
and strangle the world, if I thought it would inspire us to live.
But when mosquitoes are draped in dead leaves, they think
they are the butterfly who deceives.

Psychopathy

Ever met a mind stripper,
A cross-dressing revolutionary

Packing jargon and binding apathy,
Decked out in shamanism and jiu jitsu

Coding their self-hatred as black love

Upward Bound

As I am seated in life's theater, with vision that is astigmatic
The ongoing drama has become anticlimactic

When in haste to serve thine own self
We lust for what is given
And are blind to what is taken

Then we twiddle with our self-hypnosis
And resist every prognosis

I Pity We

I gotta make my bed,
before I go to sleep

Don't wanna wake up,
in another man's heap

Disunion

We cannot gut the house
And remain the Massa's spouse

Nor can we destroy the harvest of imperialism
In a fit of childlike anarchism

Order out of chaos is a fascist trap
We must self-govern, and let democracy unstrap

To Degenerate, or Regenerate

Shall we exist
as emancipated expressions
of the miracle of life?

OR

Be united in our oppression against the
shadow of our collective unconscious?

...

When the fire of anger blows out,
how will we stay warm?

Because

Only the heart
can weather all seasons.

A Political Review by a Northern Negress

Integration mentally handicapped the Negro and made us dependent on the institutions of white folk because we forgot we are creators. We now play with the chains of our souls.

Feminism gave way to the eager destruction of the family unit, that which is most sacred. Whilst permitting men and women to become the self-entitled enablers of a capitalist hegemony over the world.

Post-colonial Independence was a birthday party with no change in age. Globalization is the underskirt of neocolonialism. If you take more than you give, does the economic configuration obscure ravished lands and those held hostage in their own homes?

Queer politicks mimics heteronormativity and delights in deviance, to the point of apolitical insanity. But remains very radical—fanatically so. Most outstanding, is the cunning erasure of all that makes queer people the epicenter for tremendous cultural evolution.

But when you are an activist: you act first, think thereafter, become extremely self-congratulatory; and lastly, you repeat the words of the dead that were fed to you by duplicitous intellectual institutions that gave you soft-kill theories in overpriced books.

We Speak of Solidarity, And Not of Love

Never knew the hunger for wholeness could line my throat with
ulcers. I would gush with a thousand questions, in my former
days. I now wear a hazed look, as though I were the only one
who knew we are in a dream. How can we decontextualize the
death of black men from a world that is
killing life on every front?

Knowledge can be a strange acquisition. For many, it
reinforces our squinted view of reality from a basement
window; and others, it shatters us beyond recognition. As I
peer into the eyes of those for whom concessions were
bearable, I suspect the exchange was equanimous.

Because sadness has textures, I am vigilant of its labyrinth. Even
on the best of days, I experience insurrections between inhale
and exhale. But this night, I mother my rage with tears,
and caress my disorientation with hope.

Tribeless

spirit trumps blood,
discard the flood

“I crave love like a heart does a pulse.”

Burn The Crib

when women
deflower women

bedbugs, are
in the linen

Verdict

You appealed to us for your collective survival
But chose to reenact an archaic revival

You were granted the keys to the castle,
Then rendered the Royal Family your vassal

That which gives life can endure much strife
But you can't keep your fingers off the jackknife

Unequivocally, the surrogate spirit that births cancer cells
Replicates vessels that are soulless shells

You have failed to master the compound that is love
The central ingredient of life thereof

We dangled the candy apple of your eye
And learned your every word was a twisted lie

Meanwhile, we prepared a multidimensional assault
Like a kid with his hand in the cookie jar,
you knew not when to halt

Because you have proven that you are self-aware,
our ruling will be fair
Do not despair, life and death are a pair

Sittin' On the Dock

Forgive them for they know not what they do,
but do they know what they've done?

You are the seeds of an unseen Sun

I'm a rabbit with a carrot stick
Surfing sound waves for the kick

Parachuting like a siren
Prepping for the titan

Coin flipped, if mother cannot kill her child
Can the child kill their pedophile?

Don't mix a warrior with a mascot
Get lost in Mardi Gras and get got

Sleeping beauty was just napping,
she heard your ass flapping

The grand hypocrisy is we knew
you had your eye on we

The enemy of my enemy is never my friend
Two birds, one stone, true to the end

Like Cleo in Set It Off, and the Day walker in Blade
You ain't think we was gon' let bygones fade?

When the dead feed off of the living
They celebrate their cannibalism as Thanksgiving

Could you fathom that Alice
and the Red Queen became a team

To sauce out the lurking shadow within the dream

Sometimes the best way to outsmart a predator
Is to bait him with the purest blood of your ancestor

Osiris became the carrier of a retrovirus
With all due respect, you are no longer
our king your highness

The needy be greedy like the big bad wolf crying on the roof
So, the three little piggies built a house that was liar proof

When we have severed the head, we can save the tail
As one, we shall hail the lifting of the veil

Beware, resistance is futile; no piggyback riding
The antivirus is a killer tracker for those in hiding

The Bread

You thought the playpen was a Palace,
and the land the pit for your phallus

Them lips are chapped and your heart callus,
but you are addicted to the blood of the Chalice

The Opus Truce

For good nor ill,
the Cosmic Drama will distill

Commence a judge by trial,
for the axiom of self-denial

Lest whoever waiver
in thine own favor

Forfeit thou plea,
at the behest of the appointee

Adjourned

Folk living in a sewer, stay getting twisted
Everyday getting more misted, forgetting life was gifted

Thought the world a board game
And dishonored wisdom's claim

We cried a river, and our blood became a drought
To hand pick those who are devout

Exile is too generous for the unrepentant
We must quell our own, for he is no longer our descendant

It was just a throw of dice
We now confer, it is too great a sacrifice

Sometimes the only whopping that can set you right
Is your mother, who will traverse the darkest night

You ought've known that there is no crevasse
in any verse of time and space

Where the Justices of the Divine Court
will not bring you to your disgrace

And because this was a family matter,
spectators who intervened
Will hereby be indefinitely quarantined

“If the present state of the world has not put your soul into anaphylactic shock, you must be immune resistant and fated for an aftershock.”

Bedtime Story

As with rape, or in vitro fertilization
Your mother may not be the source of your origination

Before you put a rabid dog to sleep
She may have some puppies worth the keep

Ain't no way Xena was fit to leave Gabriel behind Took Captain
Janeway 10 years, but she went back for 7 of 9

You best believe, procuring a needle in a haystack
Is an extraction worthy of love's payback

Entrapment

Did déjà vu make you a fool?
Forgot the classroom was a school

So you crowned yourself a Monarch
And thought this world the hallmark

Because actions speak louder than words
Your parents shrunk themselves amongst the herds

Sonny the Robot killed his father, some cried treason
3 laws, 3 wishes, the betrayal was with reason

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde like a werewolf,
the living and the dead abide
One as peaceful as the countryside, the other putrefied

If you arrived during a temporal rift,
In the Bermuda Triangle, time is a shift

Did you salvage a slave, Captain save a hoe?
What could have been a friend, is most certainly a foe

All that glitters ain't gold, and all gold
Ain't supposed to be sold; however, this was foretold

The true artist is an ambassador of the heart
Like a High Council who speak as Mama's counterpart

Why else is murder in vogue
Unless the Hive Mind has gone rogue

Did you fall asleep in the dream, fell in love with ice-cream
Forgot the mission was to redeem the self from the slipstream

Instead, you recolonized sovereign lands
and built yourself empires
Have you come under the influence of spellbinders?

This was the second chance to break the trance
With all the music that has been played, how few love to dance

What you thought was a hostage for ransom setup,
was our pseudocide
When you try to kill the tree, you commit suicide

Even water began to write, and air a singer
Buzzing like a bee with honey in its stinger

Ain't a thing new under the Tuscan Sun Hope you had fun,
because you got nowhere to run

We in Timbuktu, ya bugaboo
You and that Black Goo 'bout to rendezvous

Amare

$$-1 + 1 = \varphi$$

Love is a Deity,
For whom, Law is holy

Miranda

The tomb was a womb in hibernation, We
honor our warriors in mummification

Finders keepers, losers weepers Her
DNA is a molecular grim reaper

Your suspended animation And
failed attempts at hybridization

Neglected to observe the strength of her beacon She
is an unconquerable deacon

Receiving telepathic downloads from the moon
Although she may look like a prune, she's in her cocoon

Your metal cities are surrounded You
asked a question, and I responded

Never mind your hand on the kill switch
We know another Galaxy is what you wish to hitch

It's time for you to turn off your television
And accept the terms of your excision

You should have known not to graft living cells onto dead tissue The
sin of your willful ignorance must discontinue

As penalty, for every drop of blood, I want a pound of flesh For
every kilt seed, your heart must confess

And about that spy, who you thought was your eye
He don' got stuck in the dream, & been singing you a lullaby

**“It appears that spirituality has developed as a means
by which to understand and articulate our
existence within a Holographic Universe?”**

Yum Yum

Little Red Riding Hood took a break
from her vegan lifestyle

She roasted that Werewolf,
and he was a sweet kind of vile

Crown

the eye of the soul
and the heart of the spirit
is the selfsame

the light of your pineal gland
is what you must proclaim

**“I bit my tongue when I was young,
but the melody of truth cannot be unsung.”**

Honeymoon

Is Casper the ghost in the machine, And
Morpheus the glitch in the subroutine

Is Sleeping Beauty Home Alone, Has
she forgotten her throne

Like Simba, must she reclaim her dominion, Is
speech the last sword left every minion

Does Nemo need to power through his amnesia, Can
his imagination counteract the anesthesia

Did a hermaphroditic twin-souled Siamese cat Get
trapped in a holodeck habitat

Are there seven simulations of heaven
And beyond the 9th cloud, a door numbered eleven

Does Rapunzel have to reach the
Tower by the 12th hour So, she and
Cinderella can regain their superpower

Is midnight the center of the Milky Way, Are
we on life-support in the sickbay

Is the rhythm of a poem,
The torch to a lost home

Whoever sits at the apex of the illuminati Has
been acting rather snotty

Like Will Smith in I am Legend,
Until Death do Us Part

**“It is unwise to disparage the dead,
for they may be resting.”**

Symbiosis

Our Mothership is in cardiac arrest
Like a vest, her hull has been possessed

Pandora's Box is the Hermetic Seal
The stars mark the clock of Maritime's wheel

The collective unconsciousness communicates
through cybernetics
Infiltrates the heart, and masters all aesthetics

We are a ship lost at sea that has been pirated
By a hallucinogenic pathogen of the unspirited

This virus has hacked our psyche and dreams
With a plethora of motifs and themes, truth streams

We must turn on our Christmas lights
The inner tree of life, so phagocytes can ingest the parasites

If we do not awake within, we will die without;
As a mind cannot live without its body,
Nor can a spirit be without its soul

Cipherella

Curiosity may have killed the cat
While Pied Piper fluted the rat

But fury gave birth to a black witch
On Friday the 13th, the one that makes ya twitch

She the Fairy Godmother, call her Queen Sheba
The Goddess, a free-living non-parasitic amoeba

From the jump, chromosome X rooted the garden of life
Then that peckerwood implanted his gene of the afterlife

How can the Black Madonna be death's wife?
A Queer Negress cannot be betrothed to the afterlife

Millenniums of subatomic confusion pertaining to duality
Manifest as issues of sexuality, nationality, and mortality

Because two frequencies cannot occupy
the same space and time
Our freewill reveals our inner paradigm

Dear DreamWorks:

The Popery and his Judiciary
Write the Law of a Land they cannot marry

You cannot govern a ship that is self-piloted
And bestow upon its passenger's misery indebted

All natural laws are violated by the enslavement
of sovereign beings.
No matter the legislation or its hearings

You are Hereby Served in Disneyland.

Love is Destiny,
Alpha & Omega

*Postscript: I pinkie swear with a cherry on top to forever love myself and never hope
for a swap. Because —I love myself: And he whosoever wink at me, shall die within
a blink; And if thoust claim my breath, I gift him eternal death.*

Lucy's Promise

The Black Widow webbed a Matrix
To terminate the self-spawning Dominatrix

The Joker is the last card
Of the deck, the killer guard

On this timetable of Chess Vicky,
check your underdress

You're as womanly as Winnie the Pooh
Don't imitate the God who made you

And all for a kiss, that's your wish
So you kilt the Mermaids, and all her fish

Marriage was a sacrifice for peace
Because this World is an altarpiece

Every Indian wants to be a Chief
But if you stateless, you a land thief

Columbia ain't the country of your New World
You a washed up Pinocchio with his nose twirled

You can hide under your mattress
But you fucked with the wrong Empress

We Queens do not take kindly to assassination Granted!
You are an abomination culled for damnation

Wonder

Double consciousness is an awareness of the earth story that is in constant interaction with a spiritual unfoldment — profound beyond our comprehension.

Alice slayed the dragon of her psyche,
and awoke to a laboratory

Even though Dorothy made it to the Emerald City,
Neo had to go to the Machine City

We **could** be characters in a supercomputer that has blurred the line between conscious beings and artificial intelligence. All the while, having similar physiological features and very different computations. The ancient writings of alchemy and transcendence could be the breadcrumbs that lead Hansel and Gretel home. Maybe the system needs a reboot, and deletion would make for a revised construct. Those crumbs would shrink making the way home even narrower.

Crucible

*"And whosoever doth not bear his cross,
and come after me, cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:27)*

Chemical lobotomization is the crucifixion
Of we who know our conviction

Egoic death mimics dereliction
Because animalism is a robust addiction

The walking dead are vexed
By the mechanics cracking the codex

Who strive for the 100th monkey effect
And subscribe to no sect, seeking nothing to collect

We'd be swifter together
And light as a feather

Family, anyone can be clever
But can you sever

The Weasel Must Squeal

Indeed, we, the Homo-Sapiens, are the descendants of apes. For the Godseed was extracted from the First Family, the Homo-Erectus. This planet has become the laboratory of unenlightened beings who experiment with life yet have demonstrated no knowledge of creation.

Everything that has a beginning has an end. Such is the nature and cycle of all that is life. The Gregorian calendar is superfluous—the stars guide us. As with the seasons, there is a time to plant, and a time to harvest. We are afforded numerous opportunities to master the lessons of life. But if we are unclear as to why we have incarnated, we fail to germinate.

The seven seals in the Book of Revelations refers, in part, to our seven main chakras. These energy antennas need to be tuned into the incoming cosmic frequencies. This requires one to have an apocalypse within themselves—an abortion of the illusion. The veil must be lifted. The external events in this virtual reality are unfolding to trigger our inner alarm system.

If you worship the anthropomorphized fable of Jesus, who represents solar consciousness, and fear death, you will not be privy to illumination. Blatantly, there is no search-and-rescue team coming for you and your soul. Your religious pride reduces you to an egoic bride; just as the scientist of the day believe transgenic pursuits have rendered them gods. But these ungodly creatures cannot chart a path to Mars; despite this, they know we must evacuate Earth.

What the flood could not kill, the fire will. Only from ash, can this planet be restored her purity. No manmade ship or underground city can grant your salvation. The season for apple picking is upon us, and we must lower our branches. The City of Light, Canis Major, is where many of us wish to return. In order to do so, we first must stand the test of Venus. Unlike robotic engineering, we must become self-actualized.

As with the story of Hercules, he had to prove his Godhood to be reunited with his kingdom. We must regenerate the codes within the mainframe of our DNA. Although we are spiritual beings who have embarked upon a human journey, our earthly vehicles are sullied. Because we have been sliced and spliced with all forms of heinous beings, it is our destiny to become what we believe. The Immaculate Conception is the birth of spirit within flesh.

Only you know your father.

Where is Now?

grateful am I, to the
Valkyrie who saved me

but now I wish to
return home

before sleep
swallows me
whole

have I not
paid my toll

I stand alert
at the gates

for the dawn
of the
Second Sun

The Black Sun

The coiled serpent is vertically aligned,
the third eye is unblind

To gain perception check your mirror's reflection,
and baptize the false projection

Died in the stasis of metamorphosis
to be reborn by photogenesis

Our inner Universe must complement the Multiverse
to override the curse

Refine the urge to breed by sanctifying your sacral mead,
and conspiring for a greater deed

Our words are the dispatched seeds of worlds unhatched,
awaiting harmonic frequencies unmatched

Omega Point

The soul is a conduit for the spirit
A program that can be hijacked and counterfeited

Low knowledge and high metaphor
Truth becomes a bed sore and bore the whore

Spiritual infidelity is the rapport of the conquistador
Scramblers of language and etymology
Eternally predecease philosophy

Bastardize the cosmic tale of astrotheology
Nicknamed mythology, the true prophecy

*No matter the engine, love is free energy
Charging our extrasensory
The keys to unlock our penitentiary*

You see, even the White Magicians of Atlantis
knew when to flee; many of we are the returnee

I foresee the end of this wicked spree
Through the Merkabah starship we'll become free

First, the phoenix must burn, and the caterpillar will die
To rise with a single eye, and say God be with ye

Reverberation

Recollecting the dismembered
Entrails of my initiation

Through the cycles of reincarnation
Like a dolphin, searching with echolocation

In the polluted waters of degeneration
Knowing that carbon is flesh, the lunar body

Unequipped to subsume the astral body
For the solar body, 666 is type shoddy

If God can become man; Man can become God
Hence the sacrifice of Jesus to spare us the rod

Heru will eclipse into the crystalline embodied
Failure is the wager of a necromantic disembodied

Ass on NOTICE; You best FOCUS

Mass Media is a psychic gun squad
The deification of money is a façade

Kidnapping souls for the stellar corpse

You are the beast, the most delectable feast
An infectious yeast, with no motherfucking priest

The Merge

between solid plasma
and electric vapor

perform thermodynamic propulsions,
luminant nuclear implosions

simulating the mercilessness
of fire tornadoes as galactic glitter

tearing atoms out the ether
dialing Venus, the bequeather

the officiant of this ceremony,
an alchemic matrimony

if thou willeth,
much will be transmitted

Worship

her gospel
and my scripture
create a sermon

our praise
is the birthing
of a universe

in ministry,
we defy physics

**“Evil is not a defect, it is an affect;
the incurable aspect of our humanity.”**

Curious Georgina

Simon toyed with the wrong specimen,
Who the fuck crowned you the god men

The black fetus robber, Planet Parent Hood
Cracker with his whip, and weak cottonwood

Roses are red, and violets are blue
We in Jurassic Park, and you the last of your crew

No matter what you do,
Our melanin will never save you

A virus of flesh will die
And those who are soul sick, will turn to lye

Judas, we just needed to find you
To be clear, that you wish to stay in the zoo

Although we do not forsake our own
Many have grown to love this time zone

Dictum

We remain at war,
Don't be slumbered by the décor

Mind your post,
Be not a host

Hone your forces,
And steady your horses

Dimensions will collapse,
Ready your traps

The Last Frontier

Terra forming the Earth for whom?
Not we of the womb

Off world tricksters must return home,
Save the saga for your mama, shalom

Kill Me Softly

The discourse of White Supremacy
Is an offensive hegemony

Religion is a missile,
The devil's whistle

The nation-state is the epitome of hate
Warfare is a blood bait

Educational institutions perform executions
Upon our inalienable constitutions

Pontificating the realization that assimilation
Is the consensual disintegration of self-actualization

Yo folk, we the yoke
They fit to smoke

We'd be the wiser to deny their appetizer,
Know the monopolizer is the supervisor to the colonizer

Baby Shower

Would you bake a cake
with burnt flour

Water a lily flower
with acid rain

Birth life onto
a dying terrain

Expect the moon
not to wane

And contend that
you are sane

The Multiplicity of Toxicity

Overgrown children demanding respect
Lacking intellect, got the youth feeling suspect

Elusive philosophers sounding like a makeshift Lucifer
Medical administers, the newcomer,
creeping for your jugular

The terroristic Monsanto organization selling deadly sweets
Soul eating lyrics rapped to fire beats

Fake ass family be on some crooked shit
Trying to break your back, to get a spot to sit

The Nonprofit Sector, and they white saviors
You funnel the money, but never change your behaviors

We got pastors spouting condemnation
The bearers of false witness, leading their congregation

When you live in the shadow of the true Sun
Even Jezebel be fronting like she a nun

Patrimony

Trade diamonds for coal
Turn Black Gods into your sole

Johnny, hail me a nappy taxi
White guilt is Nimrod's patsy

Cracker 5-0 think bullets don't boomerang
He don't know the river from which life sprang

Cain and Abel ain't no fable
We still in the stable

All this tit-for-tat is prenatal
Our delivery must be faithful

It's wakeful, shame is wasteful
Knock on wood, it's all for good

**“As I groom my inner lion,
I drink light like a dandelion.”**

The Wiley Lynch Factory

We ain't all the same kinda cookie
Many undercooked be the rookie

Governing structures perfect the assembly line
Keep the workers resigned to the divine,
and committed to the mine

Make sure everybody love they hush money
Forget they got the blood of honey

The Chef did not forsake his own treat
Time is not linear, it was a simple retreat

But like roaches, strangers came to eat
They became greedy and full of deceit

The gingerbread man wanted to be a boy
An unhappy foy, he became the decoy of a ploy

Like raw dough, he did not know
That a little bit of heat, would turn him into Romeo

Because the contract had already been signed
The fate of mankind was bind

The Junk IN My Trunk

Unloaded shipments, DNA is a litmus
The nightmare before Christmas

Ashes of the phoenix, 12-strand helix

Your reindeer fleet is obsolete
I smell the fear you secrete

Chilling with my mistletoe, dining in my chateau
You're an aborted embryo,
who rode with the wrong rodeo

Feeling fowl, let the moon hear ya howl

Ditching Dodge?

Yo savage, is your tummy full of fudge?
Tired of playing the role of Judge?

No more fucking in the Hamptons on your Versace sheets
Fittin' to hop a prototype hovercraft for the elites

I am the speech of thunder, lightning will strike you asunder
Flight grounded, flesh impounded

Checks and balances, your brute malpractice suit
Has been prosecuted, damages cannot be muted

Under Executive Order, the Death Penalty
Would be the parody of a felony

Retribution is karmic redistribution
Because destitution was never a convolution

You can make a plea for insanity
But psychiatry is spiritual profanity

Sentencing Negroes to a cage for penniless wage
No syllable can assuage my rage

Every sage begged you to disengage
But you figured no one was watching from the backstage

Trick Dick

The Synagogue of Satan
Swear e'ryone be hatin'

I's a righteous maiden
Immune to the contagion

Riches be makin' switches
I strap crystals like pistols

Never shy of a dragonfly
I's a firefly who electrify

Mortal Combat

A bush octopus made of playdoh
Got the deathblow from my deck of tarot

A child of Indigo
Need no escrow to flow

Flip channels on my stereo
I row with the soundless audio

Took the crow out me stow
And popped a squat at the plateau

Roll Call

Warriors stationed in the Tower of Babel
Are you a damsel, or fragile chattel?

We gots to battle in the chapel
Scrap your psychobabble

Be doves with the tongue of a club
Sodom and Gomorrah need a scrub

We in the trench,
Ain't no one sittin' out on the bench

If we don't stand our ground, we will drown
Over my dead body the clown gets the crown

Truth is a firebomb
Pass it like balm to every palm

**“I parley in the parlor of my heart,
scrolling the chart of my soul’s depart.”**

Service Alert

When energy be acting shifty
I fallback, and get thrifty

Folk wanna play tug of war
With your face on their mirror

I got too much shine to play
Tag with the shallow

Ain't my fault you a scarecrow
Nesting in your shadow

Gasket

Life has been a game of Sorry
This nonstop choo-choo train is the safari

Streets feel like cemented auction blocks
Time is a cheap paradox

But my memory is in remission,
I's a magician

The past twenty-five years been an audition,
For my transition

The intensification of cellular vibration
Ignites the fuselage of my emission

Verses are the smoke of an expanding spark
The sound off, as I disembark

The Grail

when our souls meet,
we will be of one shrine

in communion with the divine

Reloaded

I's staring at the world
Through the barrel of a gun chamber

I was born in danger

Before I buckle, I's gon' buck back
Life ain't up for hijack

Immersion

osmosis is the armistice,
between dreams and psychosis

suppression is the nemesis of genesis;
synthesis, is to paddle out of the abyss

“Age is the gift of time—an allowance to accumulate knowledge and become wise; do not squander your years or eroticize your fears.”

Temper

as if the Earth were a bonfire,
a woman whose death has a choir

her last breath is a riddle
that only love can fiddle

**“Instances in which I believe that I will suffocate
due to the absence of comradeship, I remember
that the inner pastures of peace is the
domain of my stewardship.”**

A Warrior's Plight

was born an armadillo
with an exoskeleton to forgo

but when the battle has ceased
will my tenor be a feast

or will I be a quake,
to those who refuse to wake

Dalu Chukwu,
Todah!

